

FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1918

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Reedy's

MIRROR

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MY IRELAND by Francis Carlin. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.25.

A book of exquisite Irish poems. New and enlarged edition. Reviewed by Mr. Reedy in the issue of March 15.

"OVER THERE" WITH THE AUSTRALIANS by Capt. R. Hugh Knyvett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

The adventures and observations of an intelligence officer from the time he left Australia, through the campaign in Egypt, Gallipoli, on the western front until wounded in No-Man's-Land and sent to the hospital. Illustrated.

A CABINET OF JADE by David O'Neil. Boston: The Four Seas Co., \$1.25.

Imagist poems suggestive of the Chinese and Japanese. Reviewed in the MIRROR of December 28. New edition.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MARRIAGE by Walter M. Galliehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$1.50.

A frank discussion of the sex question.

OSCAR WILDE: HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS by Frank Harris. New York: Published by the author at 29 Waverly Place; in two volumes; \$5.

The virtues and vices of Wilde presented by his personal friend. Included is "Memories of Oscar Wilde" by Bernard Shaw. Illustrations.

TOWARD THE GULF by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

The fourth book by the author of "Spoon River Anthology" giving fuller expression to the Masters philosophy of life and exemplifying his principles of poetry. Strong in the dramatic quality, distinctly American and with more flow in the rhythms. A fuller revelation of the poet himself. In his dedication to William Marion Reedy he tells of the origin of the method of the "Anthology" and discusses his technique. Many will find in "Toward the Gulf" finer things than are in the Anthology—an advance in grace and power.

THE FATHER OF A SOLDIER by W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane, \$1.00.

The father of Lt. J. Coningsby Dawson, himself the author of "Robert Shenstone," "America and Other Poems," endeavors to express in essays and poems the sentiments of a father whose son is at the front, communicating to other fathers and mothers a message of comfort and cheer.

GREAT BRITAIN AT WAR by Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.25.

The author of "The Broad Highway" has recently made the rounds of the battlefields of France, the grand fleet, the training camps and the great munition centers and shipyards of England, and in this book he gives his impressions of them and his appreciation of the spirit back of them.

THE PAWNS COUNT by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.50.

A novel of international intrigue involving a German-American, a beautiful New York girl, an English army captain and a Japanese prince in disguise. The scene shifts from London to New York and Washington. Frontispiece by F. V. Wilson.

LETTERS TO THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER by Richardson Wright. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.

Cheerfully answers the doubt and fears of the mothers whose sons are at the front, and suggests how the mother at home can render practical help to the boy at the front and to his country.

LIBRARY IDEALS by Henry E. Legler. Chicago: Open Court Co.

Factors of the administration of a large library considered by one of the ablest librarians of the country. Compiled and edited by his son.

THE HOPE CHEST by Mark Lee Luther. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.50.

A social comedy recounting the adventures of a millionaire's son and the bride he married from his father's shop. Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg.

PROBLEMS OF THE PEACE by William Harbutt Dawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Viewed from the English standpoint. The author considers (he says in the spirit of an optimist tempered by experience) the policy of retaliation, the delusion of alliances, the future of Alsace-Lorraine, the Polish problem, the race problem in Austria-Hungary, the southern Slavs, Turkey and the middle east, the German colonies, German autocracy and militarism, measures of reparation, and the organization of peace. A feature of the book is the historical parallelism which runs through it. Indexed.

GERTIE SWARTZ, FANATIC OR CHRISTIAN? by Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday-Page Co., \$1.40.

Presenting the curious situation of a modern manufacturing business, with its problems of underpaid workers and overfed capitalists, in the hands of a Pennsylvania Dutch family.

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Poems.

MORAL VALUES by Walter Goodnow Everett. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A study of the principles of conduct growing out of the author's experience in trying to introduce students to the fundamental problems of ethics. All problems of morality are treated as problems of value. Indexed.

BRANDED by Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.35.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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How the War Looks

By William Marion Reedy

THE war news looks very good this week. The allied line holds at every point. The attackers suffer continuously heavy losses. The attacks are shifted from one point to another with remarkable celerity, but there is always a force to meet them. Junction between the French and British armies is closely maintained and wherever or whenever there is a falling back there is no confusion. German progress to the coast cannot now be said to be progress at all. Some of the German salients are, to judge by the map, dangerously thin—so thin that some military experts are expecting an allied counter drive very soon. Foch will probably withhold the offensive until the Germans are more tired of their offensive than yet they seem to be. At the time this is written the situation is much better for the allies than it was toward the end of last week. It would seem that Haig's proclamation of no more retreats stiffened the British line marvelously. The world is wondering if the reserves are on hand to be thrown into the fight and if they are deliverable at the right place in sufficient number at the right time. General Wilson, according to the British premier, had the battle planned just as it is working out and his plans included a reserve. No one versed in military matters quite believes that the German assault has spent all its force as yet. Losses seem to count for little with the German leaders. They attack as if they have endless men to lose. The allies are willing that this loss shall continue. The battle may continue for a month or more at the least, for the longer the allied line holds the stronger it becomes. It does not appear to be humanly possible for the Germans to win the decision they seek before the Americans can get into the battle in greater numbers. Germany is far behind its schedule of arrival in Paris on the one hand or at Calais on the other. They are "feeling out" the line of the allies almost from the sea to Switzerland but can force no opening, and where they have made deep dents they find themselves in danger of being "scissored." They have a mighty strength and a splendid military technique, but they are up against unshakable pluck which keeps on fighting unbeaten while Germans in Berlin are celebrating "victories" that are not won. "Somehow," says Tubman K. Hedrick, in the *Chicago Daily News*, "the German smashes remind one of the mouse that gnawed a file and knew that he was making headway because he saw the chips." Than this there is no better summary of the situation on the western front.

CHICAGO, April 15.

♦♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Housing Problem

YOU can't beat the landlord. He's always there with his mitt out for the profit of every activity in which he has, as landlord, no participation other than grabbing the values created by others. He's there stronger than horse-radish at Waterbury, a war-munitions town *par excellence*. A housing commission appointed by the governor of Connecticut to inquire into conditions at Waterbury has made a report that "a small group of landlords have in cold blood extracted the full advantage for themselves out of the economic situation and the im-

perative needs of the workmen.' . . . Many of them besides charging high rents have maintained disgracefully unhealthy conditions." The report shows that Waterbury increased by 6,000 families in a given period while housing facilities increased for only 2,000. In 102 tenement rental inquiries the average percentage of increase was 84 per cent and in the renting of rooms the average increase was 81 per cent. A tenement of five small rooms used by a family of five and ten roomers, with two beds in each room except the kitchen, was raised from \$13 to \$30; a three-room tenement from \$6.50 to \$16, and a six-room tenement from \$15 or \$18 to \$35 or \$40. The report credits a majority of landlords with refusal to take advantage of the opportunity to charge extortionate rents. They must be landlords who had no tenement property. Waterbury shows the need of government housing operations, but I would point out that housing acts have been passed in England and Scotland since 1851 and the landlord still takes his toll inexorably. He is fattening gloriously now on the munition workers in spite of all the acts during sixty-seven years. All housing acts in England or here will fail to stop extortionate rent-racking unless houses are untaxed and land taxed of its economic rent. Why are workers packed in slums, with plenty of unused land in and around every city? Taxation of houses discourages housing. Inadequate taxation of land keeps land out of use. These are facts the United States government should not forget in its housing plans for the workers in munition factories and shipyards. If the condition is not abolished all the money spent in housing will eventually be nothing but a present to the landlords of the communities where the houses are built. Says London *Land Values* of the record of the housing acts in England and Scotland since 1851: "As reports of countless commissions and committees prove, the conditions are worse than ever but still the cry goes up for more acts of parliament, for more machinery of inspection and control and for more state assistance! What a waste of time, effort, talk and public money there has been while the benevolent friends of the 'working classes' have sought to house them 'in decency!'" The simplest of all the factors in the problem has been overlooked—the unearned increment. All housing schemes thus far have played into the pockets of the land speculators. Can the United States frame a scheme that will not be a case of history repeating itself? It can; but will it? The best scheme I have yet seen is one formulated by Mr. Lawson Purdy, former president of the New York city tax department. It mingles government subsidy with private capital, and private capital's dividends are to be limited like government's investment. Rents are to be regulated not on the investment basis alone but on the wage rate of the people who are housed. Amortization charges are to be kept down. The government is to stand the decrease from war rents, as a war expense. The amortization is to be arranged so that there shall be a fund to meet all the public needs of the housed community. The community is to be kept together, reselling to outsiders forbidden; no private ownership; the title to houses to remain in the corporation. This last is a fatal defect in Mr. Purdy's scheme. It is too institutional, at least at this stage. Housing on this communistic plan won't do. When war industries stop the housed folk will flit. War housing cannot be permanent. There can be no housing scheme that will work out on any other basis than the single tax. Which being said there remains only to remark that until the single tax comes, Mr. Purdy's

scheme, modified, would probably work out fairly well as an improvisation for a temporary war emergency. It would have to be calculated for a lesser period than his amortization in twenty-seven years.



Split Tax Payments

The argument in favor of deferred tax payments on income grows in potency. It only remains to be seen whether the needs of the government will permit such a concession to the people. If Uncle Sam needs all the money all at once, he's got to have it; that's all. Manufacturers should, however, be relieved if possible. They have been pretty well "tapped" for bond subscriptions, donations to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus and other funds and the government has already absorbed a vast amount of ready money. Manufacturers have large payments to meet on stocks that haven't moved because of embargoes, priority orders, car shortages and other interferences with shipments. It seems clear that the banks are going to have difficulty in financing tax payments in one great swoop. They are in danger of being very short of ready cash; they have loaned out such vast sums to enable the purchase of Liberty bonds. If it were known that income tax payments were to be paid in installments of between sixty days and six months, a lot of money stacked up against the time set for the single payment would be released for investment in the Liberty loan. To tighten up money unnecessarily would be bad for business generally and the single payment scheme tends to cause hoarding. The thing the country needs is more and not less mobility of money. Therefore Representative McCormick's bill for installment payments should be passed, if the government doesn't need the money worse than do the taxpayers on income and excess profits. Internal Revenue Commissioner Roper says the government will know in thirty days whether it can make the two or more payment concession. Apparently it depends upon the response to the bond issue. The loan, notwithstanding reported backwardness in some sections, will be oversubscribed. It seems probable that the single payment of taxes will not be insisted upon, that Mr. McCormick's bill will pass.



The Universal Waybill

WAR stops some reforms but it helps others. For forty years railroad men and shippers have agitated for a single way-bill on freight handled over two or more lines. It couldn't be done, 'twas said. Each road that handled a shipment had to make out its own way-bill. When the shipment was turned over to another road—that meant another way-bill, and each way-bill meant terminal delays in picking the cars out of the trains in the yards. May 1st this comes to an end. There will be a universal standard inter-line way-bill over all the government-controlled roads. Once made out, it will pass from road to road and will be stamped by each road. It will go right along with the car. This will save much printing and will do away with a large amount of clerical work. It will save a lot of time. It is in line with the whole new standardization of railroading. It comes with unification just as the standard car and engine have come. All these things have come to stay. And government has come into railroading to stay. The roads will never go back to old methods nor absolutely and unrestrictedly into the old hands.



Rumors

ONE hears all sorts of new things about the war these days. A man who claims to know writes me two important pieces of news—important, if true. One is that the long-talked-of tunnel under the channel between England and France has been completed since the outbreak of the war; the other is that Lord Northcliffe has acquired a dominant interest in the *Chicago Herald* as the first of a chain of papers in co-operation with the *London Times* and other publications under Northcliffe control. Both

things are at least well-imagined, but a channel tunnel in four years! That isn't likely. Mr. H. G. Wells says the tunnel will have to be constructed but evidently he has not heard that it is already in operation.



Short of Everything

From present indications we are to be short of everything for some time. Those who know about the coal situation have the supply and demand figured out to the last decimal and can see nothing but a coal famine. There is plenty of coal in the earth and plenty of workers to dig it out, but the trouble is a shortage of cars. Mines in many localities are operating at from 50 to 75 per cent of their capacity. Without cars, the mines must shut down. When miners, because of the shortage, can work but three or four days a week they "move on" to find other work. Car shortage is reinforced in evil effect by labor shortage. The roads have been run down during the past ten years. They are crippled in locomotive power and they cannot build cars fast enough. In this situation the condition of the railroads must cut down the readily available supply of other things than coal. They cannot adequately handle anything. While the coal men are telling us what danger we are in of a big shut-down of manufacturing, the food experts are insisting that we are to be short of breadstuffs. The whole world is facing a prospect of famine, and the world looks chiefly to us for food just now. We can't supply the world and ourselves too. Therefore Food Controller Hoover is growing more insistent that we shall conserve supply. Therefore there is talk of taking over the big meat-packing plants. There is a shortage of leather, a shortage of all food cattle. Now comes the head of the petroleum war service committee, Mr. A. C. Bedford, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil company, and says we are facing the possibility of governmental restriction upon the use of gasoline. Five months ago he said production was keeping up with demand, but now he says that people should use their automobiles only for necessary work. There are five million automobiles and trucks in the country, requiring about ten times as many barrels of gasoline. The allies used eight million barrels last year and will need more this year. The total demand this year will be sixty million barrels. In 1917 our production was from fifty million to fifty-five million barrels. There's a prospective shortage of five million barrels. No need to elaborate what this means to industry. The country will consent without much complaint to tightening its belt, but what a roar there will be if it has to give up its joy-riding! It is easier to get along without the necessities than without the luxuries—for a great many people. But if all these predictions are well based we are in for a hard time indeed. Governmental restriction will have to be mandatory with heavy penalties for violation. The strong hand of authority will be brought into play. We are in for an experience of our own with *verboten* government. But—"it is war!"



The Swivel Chair Army

DOUBTLESS we have more than enough "slickers" in various branches of war service, but everybody who occupies a swivel chair and wears a uniform isn't the holder of a safety-first position that saves him from the draft. There are thousands of men who are fretting to get out of their swivel chairs and go to the front. Not every man you see with spurs wears them to keep his feet from slipping off his desk. The big battle now on will result in a cleaning out of most of the ornamental officials. Some sixty thousand are slated for elimination. They will have to fight or be exempted on good grounds. The war department realizes that a war 3,000 miles away is yet pretty close, and that young millionaires in easy jobs and nice-fitting uniforms are not doing anything to win it. The idle rich have worked themselves in as officers on different departmental staffs—youths who should have been in the draft. Those

staff places should go to maturer men beyond the draft age. There is nothing but folly in fitting non-fighting places with men who can and should fight. The *Chicago Tribune* recently printed a list of some conspicuous appointments to swivel chair jobs, and now Representative Anthony threatens to have this list put into the *Congressional Record*. The officers' training camps are said to be almost empty. With another million men called to service there will be need of more officers. It is too bad if the training of officers for action is neglected while swivel chair officers are being created or have been created in superfluous abundance. I have said the war department will remedy this condition. It hasn't yet. It holds out against all interference by congress or anybody else, but it comes around after the fire of criticism gets too hot. Representative Anthony of Kansas is making things pretty hot, incidental to his endeavor to find out all about a captain's commission issued to a young man named Meyer, former secretary to the Secretary of the Interior.



Spies, Lynchers and Censorship

IT is doubtful that there has been a more distressing domestic incident of the war since the sinking of the *Lusitania* than the lynching of the man Prager at Collinsville, Illinois. He was hanged by a mob as a spy, and the evidence is that he was not a spy but a loyal American. A drunken, ex-army man led the mob who killed this man who was not afraid to die, but did weep when told that he was an enemy of the United States. "Prager was a game guy," says the man who drunkenly led the mob. This leader should be brought to punishment for his crime, and his associates as well. It is to be hoped that the government will get into action soon to prevent spying and at the same time to prevent the execution by mobs of men wrongfully accused of spying. It is a disgrace that such atrocities should occur in this country while we are talking so much about German atrocities. It is terribly easy for a man to be branded as a spy by the insinuations or plain lying of a personal enemy, and terribly easy to work up against such a man community anger to the degree of mob action. If the government were to proceed vigorously along lines calculated to uncover and punish real spies or obstructionists of war work there would be less likelihood of popular execution upon mere suspects. An excuse for "patriotic" lynchings is that the government is so lacking in action against enemies in our midst that the people must take the law into their own hands. If only the government would act against spies—and lynchers—as it is prepared in new censorship legislation to act against criticism! If only the government could "get" the fellow Riegel who led in the lynching of Prager, as promptly as it acted against Mary Fels' *New York Public*, shutting an issue out of the mails for one week because of some criticism upon the bond issue in relation to the need of heavier excess profit taxes!



The Case of Mr. Creel

GEORGE CREEL of the administration's war information bureau is enjoying a high degree of unpopularity because he thanked God his country was not prepared for war. What he meant was that he thanked God his country hadn't contributed to the precipitation of the war by entering into the armament competition among nations. He rejoiced that we were in the war because we couldn't keep out, not because we wanted war. That is not a heinous declaration. Most Americans probably would agree with Mr. Creel's thought, if not exactly with his expression of it. But Mr. Creel is a former newspaper man and there's nobody present newspaper men rejoice more to roast to a turn than one who has passed out of the profession. They like to observe how he likes "a touch of the old rage" himself. George Creel is a passionate pursuer of his purpose. When he's administration press agent, he press agents to the limit—even if he has to invent

encounters of the fleet with submarines or has to send out impressive photographs of airplanes not yet built that have been sent to France. He gets space for the war—that's his business. But we must not put too much blame upon George Creel for his phantasmagoric war news. He wouldn't put it out if he hadn't got it from somebody. People higher in authority than he "pass him the dope." He is merely the instrument through which others play upon popular psychology. So long as we are to get only denatured information about the war, it is clear to those who know Mr. Creel that he won't denature any more than, if as much as, another man might in the same place. He has a hard job and he does it well. He is accused and abused for doing the things that all newspaper men know he was appointed to do. What's the reason for a governmental information bureau if it isn't that the information shall be imparted to the public in form and substance to serve government purpose rather than to vindicate absolute truth? Creel's all right. The censorship is mostly wrong.

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A Case of Sex Philosophy

PROFESSOR WILLIAM ISAAC THOMAS was a teacher of psychology and morals at a Chicago university. He had theories as to sex and the servitude of matrimony. He wrote books about them and a lot of people thought the theories fine and grand expressions of the spirit of freedom. Now the professor has been arrested for taking a young married woman pupil to a hotel in Chicago, and on trips to Washington. He doesn't care. He says he loves her and she says she loves him but she's afraid her husband, a sergeant in the army in France, is likely to come back here and kill somebody and it won't be a German either. Mrs. Thomas has taken the young woman into her own home and treats the episode as merely a prank of her "poor silly boy" of a husband. He is fifty-five and his affinity under eighteen. His philosophy justifies what he has done. He has yielded to the inexorable urge of the *Libido*. If he didn't, the suppression of his desires might have caused him to do much worse things. He doubtless thinks it a shame that the authorities have so little knowledge of and respect for psychoanalysis as to arrest a practitioner thereof. The Law is an ass for not having more respect for Science. What is the first and sole duty of man and woman too? To overcome all inhibitions. The *daemon* that says in the still small voice that you must not do a thing is an evil *daemon*. Socrates didn't think so, but who's Socrates as against Freud and Jung and William Isaac Thomas? Plato says the divine is the spirit that denies. Goethe says it's the devil. And all the romanticists tend to follow Johann Wolfgang. William Isaac Thomas is a romanticist—a child of nature. Now if he were only a child of nature, that would be all right—at least he and his kind would be more tolerable. The William Isaac Thomases are chiefly to be condemned because they make dirt more dirty. We can stand good old-fashioned vice and sin that stands on its own merits—or demerits. The world can accept with some complacency good clean dirt. But this sex stuff that certain proficients mix up with science and philosophy and mysticism—that's the worst ever. It's the finest extant example of the corruption of the best being the worst. You can say something for a fellow who goes ahead and sins and knows it's sin and doesn't pretend to himself or others that it's anything else. He may come out of it and become all right. But the fellow who invents a philosophy to justify his exercise of his passions, the fellow who says of a nasty little concupiscence, "Evil be thou my Good"—he's "beyond beyond" in debasement. Not that it matters so much what he does to himself, but because he corrupts others. There's something to be said for sinning with one's eyes open, but nothing for the man who sins under and behind an intellectual *camouflage*. He's one of the crew who want to dance without paying the piper. He's an "intellectual" who wants

to "dead head" his way through life. And he works "on the kinchin lay." It's like "stealing candy from a kid." This William Isaac Thomas went grafting on sex and got his game on false pretenses. He was a teacher on the theory that he would teach mastery of life. He taught that the best of life is "on the loose." His philosophy is simply seduction as a fine art. And he dodges the consequences of his fine art, sneaks behind Science and Philosophy, after first denying the woman he betrayed and even his own identity. He's a mighty poor specimen, is this William Isaac Thomas, this emancipator of woman from her servitude. His wife has courage, so has the woman of his *liaison*, but he's nothing. It was the woman's courage that forced him out from under cover of his lies. At last reports William Isaac Thomas was still a full-salaried professor of the University of Chicago.

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The Hungry Greeks

THIS country is lending \$44,000,000 to Greece, and all that Greece has done thus far has been to keep the allies from going in time to the relief of Serbia. The Greeks are said to be about to set up a republic. It would be just as well for us not to expect much return upon our investment in Greece. We have historic precedent for distrusting *Graculus exuriens*. Venizelos is a great man, but there's a lot of Germanism left in Greece.

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Mr. Whitney's Vaticinations

CASPAR WHITNEY, a competent journalist, paints a most distressing picture of conditions in Italy, with a somewhat chaotic government, with little money, no coal and little food for the people, and with German propaganda still at the work that caused the desertion which led to the retreat of Cadorna's army to the Piave river. The hold of Germany on Italy may be understood when we know that as Mr. Whitney says: "German money developed Italy's shipping, her banks and, through the latter, her manufactures. When the war came three-quarters of Italy's export trade was in German hands and Germany largely controlled her industries, and more than 75,000 Germans were living in Italy, all closely associated with her commercial life." This was what kept Italy out of the war for so long. Mr. Whitney tells how the German propaganda sows in Italy distrust of her allies. It is the same story as we have had about the way the Italian army was corrupted at a vital point. An especially virulent attack is made upon the United States. We are said to be everything that an Italian should despise. We and Great Britain and France are said to have deserted Italy. We are anti-papal, whereas Austria is the papacy's friend. To Catholics we are represented as friends of the Bolsheviks; to Socialists we are murderers of labor leaders, like Tom Mooney of San Francisco. Why doesn't Great Britain give back Malta? Why doesn't France do something about Corsica and Savoy? It is evident that Mr. Whitney is afraid of disaster in Italy. The cables tell us that another offensive is to be launched against Italy very soon. Almost one might say Mr. Whitney seems to be preparing us for the worst from that quarter. He almost says that the allies have treated Italy like a step-child and that in particular they ignored her perfectly feasible plan of going "through La Bache, the open road to Vienna recognized by Napoleon." Mr. Whitney might as well unload his gloom upon us now, when a little bit more won't be noticed in the general surfeit. One thing about Italy I should say will suffice to keep her true blue if nothing else will. That is the heaven there of the Italians who have lived, worked and prospered in the United States. The men in the Italian armies who asked American correspondents during the battle how the ball clubs stood in the national championship series are not going to "lay down" on the United States. Italy may be in hard lines now but she knows that all is being done for her that can be done by her hard-pressed

allies. And the Socialists in the army who turned tail on the front in Austria will not have a chance to turn tail again. Italy might get something out of Austria from Germany, but then again she might not. Germany needs Austria now more than ever and Austria is not unwilling for peace. Italy will have to go through with the war. The example of what befell Russia is not lost upon Italy. The retreat of Cadorna and the German occupation of a large area of Italy has increased Italian solidarity. Mr. Caspar Whitney is in a panic all by himself.

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The Late Senator Stone

WILLIAM JOEL STONE, senator from Missouri, was wise in the ways of the political world in which he lived and moved and had his being for forty-five years. Hardly could it be said of him that he was an enthusiast about anything. He was an expedientist. He was a democrat personally but it seemed at times that he cared less for democracy than for the Democratic party. Adept in estimating opinion in his home state, he was an expert in the manipulation of men in practical politics. He stuck to his friends, and he had a large capacity for making and holding friends, in spite of what was called his "foxiness." Cautious in public utterance, save when lashed into fury by criticism, in private he could be frank to the point of indiscretion. He had no superior as a political trader and this made him powerful in the senate up to the time he voted against arming American ships against German submarines and followed that with a vote against our declaration of war. While he forcefully supported President Wilson's policies thereafter, he lost standing in the senate and was to all intents and purposes shut out of power in the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which he was chairman. But the senate respected Stone and liked him. He could and did toil terribly at committee work and he could and often did reveal himself as an orator both shrewd and fiery. Stone was long a supporter and to an extent a confidant of William Jennings Bryan, though not at all so consecrated as Bryan to political idealism. He liked the chess of politics more than Bryan's emotionalism and picturesqueness. He was a machine man unashamed and he didn't care for the uplifters, but he was loyal to Bryan to the end. He was somewhat of an imperialist as to the Philippines and Mexico—a lit of a jingo until this present war came. He liked a number of Germans in Missouri who had helped him, and besides, he didn't believe we should pull England's chestnuts out of the fire. He said that he didn't desert the President on the war vote, but the President deserted him. A politician to the core, Stone was clean. But once was he smirched and that was when a crooked ass lured him into doing as attorney for a mythical health society masking a baking powder trust, what he could have done in the open without impropriety. He was not a tool of the big interests and he was not a damogogue. He went with his party and if there were any good jobs being distributed he wanted them for his party and his friends. As a man who liked the fixing of things, he never quite fitted in with Woodrow Wilson because the President didn't consult with others until after he had made up his mind, but the Missourian admired the Wilsonian way of waiting for the psychological moment and of letting events compel support of his positions. It was with amazement Stone watched the effectiveness of academic politics that gum-shoed until the hour struck and then contrived to make appearance come out so the world might say how beautiful upon the mountain top are the feet of them who come bearing good tidings. That was Stone, the senator. Stone, the man, was plain as an old shoe, quizzical, whimsical, sociable and saturated with old-fashioned sentiment. To sit with him and listen to him spout Shakespeare, Byron, or Burns, or tell a droll story—alas we shall no more talk up the dawn. William Joel Stone was not a statesman on the Kuppenheimer model, but many people loved him and that is an achievement for any man. His dis-

tion suffered some eclipse towards the end, but he did good work for his country both before the war and after and his Americanism was never for a moment doubtful among those who knew him. May Missouri find upon the whole as good a man, if opener in method, to succeed him!



Restraining Sabotage

A FAIRLY good compromise has been made upon the sabotage bill. The clause that permitted free and unlimited strikes on government work was dropped. Labor possibly doesn't like that, but Labor has got a great deal out of the war and its leaders must recognize that they cannot get everything all at once. This isn't the time for any group or interest to set its own ends above those of the nation. Moderation well becomes Labor. It will gain thereby in the long run. Because Labor was reasonable in England the Labor party is the strongest party in that country to-day and its representatives have shaped the country's policy of reconstruction after the war. Strikes upon government work, with present provisions for mediation, if not for arbitration, would be as clearly giving aid to the enemy as would be damaging war materials—bridges, munitions, railroads, factories. The government has been very good to the unions engaged on government work. The sabotage bill does them no injustice. The prospect for industrial peace is therefore very good. Ex-President Taft presents in a pleasing manner the results of the sittings of the Federal Labor Commission. There's nothing arbitrary about it. The showing is that the commissioners went at their task common sensibly. While it is recognized that fundamental principles are not arbitrable, generally speaking, war is here and to win the war everything has to be arbitrable as between employers and workers. So disputes in closed shops during the war are to be settled by closed shop rules, while disputes in open shops are settled by open shop rules. The presumption is in favor of the status existing when the quarrel began. The *status quo* won't hold as to wages or working conditions. Nor will the *status quo* protect limitation of production or artificially increasing its cost. These are forms of sabotage. While it is a just grievance of the unions if in a closed shop the employer takes on non-union men, it is not a just grievance that an open shop employer shall refuse to deal with a delegate of the complaining union not his employee. Of course, the ex-president says, the arbitration board's effectiveness will depend upon the support of public opinion. For the war period, either employers or workers who refuse to abide by the findings of a board whose two elements are represented by William Howard Taft and Francis Patrick Walsh—typical conservative and typical radical—will have no public backing. The plan is not perfect. No plan is. We won't be able to get effective arbitration until all employers and all employees are organized, as they are in Great Britain. Then we can have bargaining between the two groups, with the government for arbitrator. The sabotage bill might make some trouble but for the establishment of the labor board and the announcement of its improvised programme of conciliation and arbitration. Union Labor heretofore has held out against compulsory arbitration. It yields only for the period of the war. After the war both Labor and Capital may have learned something about how to get along together. Just now they have to get along or knuckle under for the security of all. When the war is over the public may be in no frame of mind to tolerate either laborite or capitalistic sabotage.



The Plant at Muscle Shoals

Down at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee river a plant is being built for the production of atmospheric nitrogen to be used in making explosives. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, congressman from Ohio, wants it investigated. The plant was located there to get the use of the water power of the shoals, but Mr. Long-

worth says that it will be three years before the necessary dams can be completed to make the water power available. Meanwhile steam power must be used. One part of the plant is to cost \$45,000,000, for building of which the Air Nitrates corporation is to get a fee of not more than \$1,000,000. The government will supply the money for the plant. The corporation is to get one-quarter of a cent for every pound of ammonium nitrate produced and the owners of the patent are to get 6 mills per pound of fixed lime nitrogen. Mr. Longworth professes to believe that the plant or plants are to be used in large part for the production of nitrates for fertilizer; that the plant is not a war enterprise at all. He wanted the House to legislate that the plant should be used only for the production of munitions, but, says the dispatch in the *Chicago Tribune*, "the House voted 187 to 122 against Mr. Longworth's amendment, and every southern Democrat voted against it." Now Mr. Longworth is going to call upon the War Department for more information. He says the people are to pay \$100,000,000 for what is not a war plant at all. By all means, investigate. But we shall need nitrates for fertilizer after the war, and if we don't want to depend for them upon Chile or Germany, we must make them for ourselves. And it is not apparent that there's anything especially obnoxious in the fact that the plant is located in the south and southern congressmen want to keep it there. True, the south is coming in for no little favoritism under the Wilson regime, but it isn't becoming in northerners to protest, considering the favors that have been given the north in protection and otherwise for half a century. So long as favors are shown, one section is no better nor worse than another. The President is backed by the solid south and that solid south expects something. It is not being disappointed as to its cotton prices or the location of training camps or anything like that. The south is flourishing in the sunshine of administration preference. There's no harm in the world's being told about it. There's a lot of good in fact. It shows us that even the most progressive and anti-privilege administration must make for itself friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness somewhere in order to get by with its large general purposes. It's about time the south was getting something—that's what the south thinks. The north got a lot for saving the country in 1861 to 1865. Which makes it laughable to hearken to the virtuous rage of the south-hating *Chicago Tribune*. Pass out the favors while the war is on; there won't be many of them left nor any new ones a few years after the war—in that "new day" the President speaks of in the New Jersey letter printed just east of here in this issue.



The "Dear Sixtus" Letter

In this sinful world and time one can hardly be blamed for suspecting that the Austrian emperor, his wife and his prime minister have not blundered in disclosing their willingness that France shall have Alsace-Lorraine. The letter disclosed by Clemenceau was probably meant by the writer or writers to be disclosed. Austria is only too well aware that in this war "Germany has conquered her allies." Austria is in a fair way to disappear as a great Power if Germany conquers her enemies. The Hapsburgs writhe under the ill-concealed contempt of the Hohenzollerns. Austria-Hungary is relegated to a subordinate part in the great war enterprise and sees her identity lost in *Mitteleuropa*. Little wonder then that she should seek a way out of the war into which Germany drove her. Czernin played his game subtly but not subtly enough. France wouldn't be bought off for what Czernin could not deliver, and when the Hindenburg drive seemed likely to succeed, Czernin had to repudiate the feeler to France when he was exposed to Germany. The exposure of the Austrian emperor necessitates the retirement of Czernin. He's the scapegoat. The "Dear Sixtus" letter stands. Austria wants peace to get Germany off her back. However the Austrian emperor may deny

the document, it came from his court and it speaks the desire of Austria's rulers. The letter is a cue to the Austro-Hungarian people. They too want peace. If the big drive fails, as undoubtedly it will, Austria will be open to approach on peace terms. That is the only way the nation can be saved from extinction. The allies must save her from the effect of German permeation. She was not unwilling two years ago to cede something to Italy, but not all Italy wanted. She leaned an attentive ear to President Wilson's pronouncements. Everything about her history in the war authenticates the disclosures made by Clemenceau. Czernin lies about the letter. He couldn't well do otherwise. That's what he is where he is for. He can't lie away the fact that Austria-Hungary will break away from Germany the very moment she can make terms to save herself. Austria-Hungary is as serious a menace to Germany as Ireland is to Great Britain—indeed more.



The I. W. W. on Trial

CHICAGO this week is the scene of the trial of more than one hundred members of the Industrial Workers of the World for conspiracy to interfere with the government's prosecution of the war. Everybody, off hand, says "Soak the I. W. W." But most people know little about the organization except what they read in the more sensational newspapers. Most people don't know that the I. W. W. organization has suffered as much as it has inflicted suffering. Great employing corporations, mining and lumber, long carried things with a high hand in the far northwest. The labor in that region was not high-class intellectually. When it revolted and struck back at the employers it committed some atrocities—no doubt of that. But it secured some amelioration of working conditions in places that were not much better than slave pens. And the I. W. W. are not always and everywhere irreconcilable saboteurs. They have not always and everywhere acted in a way to check war production. Even in the west they were not regarded as so extremely vicious so long as they fought the big corporations. They were killed, tarred and feathered and ridden on rails only when the farmers believed rumors that the organization was going to destroy granaries and crops. It is not of record that the I. W. W. destroyed any crops or that they even tried to do so. They have been accused of holding back production of airplanes by stopping the cutting of the necessary timber, but now we know that the delay in supplying airplanes is done nearer to Washington and the delayers are not "rough-necks" but intellectual experts. The I. W. W. corresponds to the syndicalist movement in Europe. It believes in the perpetual strike, more or less. Its membership includes men who occasionally go out with a drill and a can of "soup" and crack a safe in a country bank. It doesn't take in many men in the skilled trades. Some of its members are hoboes. They haven't much or any respect for law. Some of their leaders have denounced the war as a capitalist adventure. Most of them put loyalty to the proletariat above loyalty to country. Doubtless many of the men to be tried at Chicago this week are guilty of some violation of the espionage or other war acts. If so, let them suffer. But we must not forget that the I. W. W. revolt is not wholly causeless. Men do not go to such extremes as they without some justification in injustice. The men in the I. W. W. are in violent protest against wrongs that are not denied. Sentencing one hundred or one thousand I. W. Ws. to the penitentiary will not stop the revolt. The way to do that is to correct the social and economic wrongs that provoke revolt. There have been and there are lawless men and organizations that have pursued courses of oppression which could not but generate lawlessness in protest. Those big business interests are not above using the war sentiment as a means of breaking up the I. W. W. organization. The I. W. W. remedial methods are not right. They do more social harm than they can

ever do good. But granting all that, let us remember that there wouldn't be any such organization or methods if this country were wholly "safe for democracy." Punish the seditious, the treasonable, the incendiary, yes; but don't let the exploiters of the unskilled workers get away with their graft, don't let them control judges and pick juries and employ deputy sheriffs as their janizaries to force men to work for less than the value of their labor.

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Ireland on the Rack

By William Marion Reedy

JOSEPH DEVLIN'S pathetically passionate plea for home rule for Ireland with a pledge of Irish volunteer defense of the empire and democracy moved a parliament bent on Irish conscription, even with the barbarians at the gate. What imp of the perverse could have urged Lloyd-George to demand Irish conscription first and promise home rule afterward? Clearly the counsel of wisdom was to reverse the order of the proposals. It is manpower the empire needs. Home rule would produce it spontaneously from Ireland. Conscription before home rule means that it will take two soldiers to bring to barracks each conscript. Maybe Lloyd-George thought that conscription first would win over Ulster to home rule. Apparently it will not. Ulster is against any smallest degree of separation from Great Britain. But granting home rule to southern Ireland would get the soldiers so badly needed just now. There would then be no question of loyalty upon which Ulster could hold off from home rule. The coercion of British and even world opinion would be brought to bear on Ulster. Conscription will bring on something like rebellion, for the Irish having been granted home rule, even though it was afterward suspended, were recognized as self-governing people, and how can a people so recognized even to that small extent submit to conscription by another country? It seems that home rule first would have been the easier and better way to get the Irish into the British army. The Irish would conscribe themselves.

The home rule that is offered Ireland is not much. It is far from anything like independence. It promises but little more than Gladstone's measure promised. The measure as outlined by the majority of the Irish convention gives Ireland no military power. Even police and postal powers are subject to arrangement with the British parliament until after the war. The Irish are to have no control of customs until after the war and the Imperial parliament must decide that within seven years of the war's ending, but all branches of taxation other than customs and excise shall be controlled by Ireland. Money bills are to be based only upon a viceregal message. No laws are to be passed violating religious equality. A special clause protects Freemasonry from governmental interference. The parliament is to consist of a senate and house. The composition of the senate is so provided that an Irish Bolshevik could never control it and Ulster would never be at serious disadvantage in the body. The Unionists are guaranteed 40 per cent of the membership of the house. Both senate and house are to contain representatives of interests or groups—commercial, industrial, agricultural, and Ulster's forty per cent is assured by the provision of appointment by the lord lieutenant, the nominated members to disappear in whole or in part after fifteen years. The conference took a leaf or two out of the book of guild socialism. On all questions of tariffs and finance the conference report is elastic. There is plenty of room for give and take or come and go. Of course the king and the British parliament are to remain over all, but Ireland is to have forty-two representatives in the British house of commons, with representation in the lords remaining as at present until that house is remodeled. All taxes at present leviable in Ireland shall continue to be levied and collected there until the Irish par-

liament decides otherwise. These details are new in the home rule scheme. For the rest the convention recommends the provisions of the bill passed in 1914 but suspended at the outbreak of the war.

It is hard to see wherein Ulster suffers under this plan, either in the matter of economics or religion. Nationalist Ireland gives up much of its hopes. Ulster it seems will sacrifice nothing for much desiderated unity. If we may trust the cables, this Ulsterian intransigence is alienating the sympathy and support of many British Unionists and Liberals formerly strongly opposed to home rule. Premier Lloyd-George needs those Unionists and Liberals if he is to continue in office. It is reported that they gravely doubt the wisdom of Irish conscription but don't want to vote the government out of office at this critical hour. Ulster stands pat for her own interests and prejudices though the country is imperiled. Carson, in May, 1914, leading a rebellion against home rule, relying upon a disaffected army, and when home rule was suspended, elevated to the British cabinet, stands for Irish conscription and against Irish home rule. Carson serves to infuriate the Sinn Feiners and to exasperate the Nationalists, who upon the whole have met the situation with rather more restraint than was anticipated. It is certain conscription will pass. Parliament cannot help passing it. It is that, or hopeless government confusion. Curiously, some British politicians believe that Lloyd-George presented the issue in the way he did in the hope of making an opportunity to resign. But there is no successor to Lloyd-George in sight. Maybe if this is borne in upon the commons Lloyd-George will be able to force the home rule plan through. He may be able even to bring Sir Edward Carson and his following to time, unless Carson still prefers the patronage of some protestant prince on the continent to home rule. Carson is the best friend the Kaiser has in Great Britain. If Carson can beat home rule, and conscription is passed, a condition will be brought about in Ireland that will better serve the purposes of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs than ever poor, crazy Sir Roger Casement intended to serve them. The situation is tragic not only for Ireland but for Great Britain. Will Sir Edward Carson persevere in a course that shall write "Foul" as the story of the British empire, all for a bow of orange ribbon? He is attacking the British line from the rear.

Lloyd-George, however, is a bold and desperate player of the political game. It may very well be that he has some card of which the public does not know. He must have some plan that will prevent a hopeless ruination of British solidarity in the supreme hour of the war for the existence of its power. He cannot contemplate pulling down the nation upon his own head by deserting the democracy of the empire. It looks as if Sinn Feiners may come over to home rule, if conscription be not enforced. There is an opportunity to reconcile Ireland and get her manpower for the war, too, without conscription. It may involve the coercion of Ulster into acceptance of home rule and postponement of conscription in Ireland. Maybe Lloyd-George will say to the Commons, in effect, "You dare not turn me out. Then do as I say. Pass home rule and suspend the draft." He would have the radicals, the democrats and united labor with him, as against the aristocracy and the plutocracy and possibly the Northcliffe press. The percipient and almost clairvoyant Welshman must see that the men conscribed in Ireland will be valueless, while volunteers from a home ruled Ireland will be invaluable. Perhaps he sees a way out of the crisis. Civilization hopes so. What an irony it would be if the denial of Irish freedom and the turning loose of the press-gang in the distressful island should mark the end of all liberty in the world! Civilization, as I have said before, is more important than Ireland, but the defeat of Irish hopes now and the attempt to conscribe the Irishman may be the means whereby Germany shall triumph over Great Britain and all she has stood for.

Make Ready for the New Day

"This letter, read at Newark, N. J., March 20, 1918, has in it so vital a message for all mankind in this 'exigency of a great hour of crises' that it is reprinted by a citizen for private circulation, with emphasis on the portions clearly of world-wide significance." Thus the circulator of the document. The utterance is a masterpiece of Wilsonian style, in the first place. In the second, its substance is impressive, even if not definitely precipitated into proposals. The letter will be much discussed and interpreted. The attempt will be made to twist it into support of certain programmes and theories but it is a piece of political dynamics rather than political mechanics. It is Rousseauian rather than Hamiltonian. Its vagueness is its power. It sets forth a spirit rather than a platform.

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The White House,
Washington.

My dear Mr. Toastmaster:

I sincerely regret that matters of pressing importance will prevent my taking part in the reorganization banquet to which you have generously invited me. It is my feeling, as I am sure it will be the feeling of those present, that my clear duty is to stay here on the job. My work can be properly done only if I devote my whole thought and attention to it and think of nothing but the immediate task in hand.

At the same time it is clear that in the present posture of affairs in New Jersey I cannot overlook my responsibility as leader of a great party, and that it is my privilege to point out what I believe to be the duty of the Democrats in New Jersey, now and in the months to come, in order that the exigency of a great hour of crises may properly be met.

During the months that I had the privilege of serving the people of New Jersey in the office of governor we sought to accomplish this definite purpose, namely, to open the processes of government to the access and inspection of every citizen, in order that the people might feel that the government of New Jersey represented their hopes, their impulses, and their sympathies. It was with this great purpose in mind that we succeeded in establishing electoral machinery which took away from selfish political leaders the power to hold the mass of the party voters of the state in subjection to themselves. In the matters of employers' liability we substituted for the cold letter of the old law the warm and wholesome tonic of humane statute.

In every act of legislation we cut a clear pathway of public service and achieved a record remarkable for its variety and humanity, in every way comprehensive in character and touching no vital interest in the state with a spirit of injustice or demagoguery. We gave the people, after many tedious and discouraging years of waiting, a government which they could feel was their own, free and unhampered by special privilege.

A time of grave crisis has come in the life of the Democratic party in New Jersey—a time when its friends and supporters must face the facts of the situation if they would serve the cause of free government in New Jersey.

Every sign of these terrible days of war and revolutionary change, when economic and social forces are being released upon the world whose effect no political seer dare venture to conjecture, bids us search our hearts through and through and make them ready for the birth of a new day—a day, we hope and believe, of greater opportunity and greater prosperity for the average mass of struggling men and women, and of greater safety and opportunity for children.

The old party slogans have lost their significance and will mean nothing to the voter of the future, for the war is certain to change the mind of Europe as well as the mind of America. Men everywhere are searching democratic principles to their hearts in order to determine their soundness, their sincerity, their adaptability to the real needs of their life, and every

man with any vision must see that the real test of justice and right action is presently to come as it never came before.

The men in the trenches, who have been freed from the economic serfdom to which some of them have been accustomed, will, it is likely, return to their homes with a new view and a new impatience of all mere political phrases, and will demand real thinking and sincere action.

Let the Democratic party in New Jersey, therefore, forget everything but the new service which they are to be called upon to render.

The days of political and economic reconstruction which are ahead of us no man can now definitely assess, but we know this, that every programme must be shot through and through with utter disinterestedness; that no party must try to serve itself, but every party must try to serve humanity, and that the task is a very practical one, meaning that every programme, every measure in every programme, must be tested by this question, and this question only: Is it just; is it for the benefit of the average man, without influence or privilege; does it embody in real fact the highest conception of social justice and of right dealing without respect of person or class or particular interest?

This is a high test. It can be met only by those who have genuine sympathy with the mass of men and real insight into their needs and opportunities, and a purpose which is purged alike of selfish and of partisan intention.

The party which rises to this test will receive the support of the people because it serves it.

Very sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

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A Plea for Technique

By Barrett H. Clark

MANY of the latest products of our new poetry, of Cubist and Futurist painting, programme music, and the drama, are the result of a sincere desire on the part of aspiring artists to discover a new medium of expression, basically different from the well-worn methods of former times. The technique of any living art is in a continual state of evolution. Free verse, impressionism, and the rest, are attempts to create new ways of saying old things. The past decade has witnessed so many radical departures from technique in all the arts that the very word has come to mean old-fashioned, conventional, out-of-date.

There is a tendency, observable chiefly among the writers of free verse, and dramatists who maintain that the theater is an arena for the discussion of problems and ideas, to regard the established forms as hopelessly outmoded, and to claim originality and distinction merely because they have discarded the forms which have been successfully employed in the past. These would-be anarchists seek to create a new poetry out of the un-poetic, and a new drama out of the un-dramatic. Poetry, apparently, must be lacking in rhythm, in felicitous words; drama must concern itself with tendencies, theses—in order to be effective.

In his interesting introduction and critical prefaces to "The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero," Vol. I, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" (E. P. Dutton), Clayton Hamilton raises once again the ever-interesting question of the value of technique in the drama. The conflicting claims of reputable critics as to the merits of the plays of Pinero, render the question an exceedingly difficult one. Mr. Hamilton declares that Pinero is "the ablest architect of plays who ever lived," and "the greatest living dramaturgic craftsman in the English-speaking theater." Of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" he says, "It is now possible to assert with certainty that" it was, at

the time of its original production, "the only great play that had been written in the English language for one hundred and sixteen years—that is, since "The School for Scandal."

Mr. P. P. Howe, the young English critic, in his "Dramatic Portraits" has nothing better to say of Pinero than "When in the fullness of time and honors, Sir Arthur Pinero has need of an epitaph, it may well be this: He kept the theaters open."

If these opinions were limited to the individual critics in question, the matter would scarcely be worth considering; critics do differ. But Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Howe represent two conflicting modes of thought: Mr. Hamilton may be said to represent those who judge plays fundamentally by their artistic form, and Mr. Howe to speak for the self-styled innovators whose judgment is based upon the content of plays. In other words, we have the incompatible ideals of manner and matter, of method and material. Mr. Hamilton goes at once to the heart of the matter when he states that Pinero "believes that art should be artistic, that the drama should be dramatic, and that the theater should be theatrical." This is Mr. Hamilton's own credo.

It must be borne in mind that what he says of Pinero applies to the plays as witnessed on the stage, and not the re-printed prompt-books. To anyone but an expert, the reading of a Pinero play will afford only a part of the pleasure to be derived from its performance in the theater. This is doubtless the reason why many critics, or rather historians and recorders, of the contemporary drama, insist on putting Granville Barker and John Galsworthy in a higher rank as dramatists than Sir Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. The reader will invariably be impressed rather by ideas, whether in a play or a novel, than by situations or emotions. The second act of Pinero's "Iris" is admirable drama on the stage; it is not particularly good reading. The third act of Shaw's "Man and Superman" makes delightful reading, but it is so devoid of dramatic qualities that it is omitted, with the author's sanction, in the stage-version of the play. If "Man and Superman" and "Iris" are to be judged as printed texts, the Shaw play must at once be conceded the better of the two. But a play, as Mr. Hamilton well says, is "a story devised to be presented by actors on a stage before an audience."

Pinero, then, writes for the theater. That means that he writes for the masses—rich and poor alike—for many successive audiences. He avoids definite theses, realizing that the problem of slum-landlordism, or prostitution, or what not, important though it may be, will not interest a succession of audiences who have come to the theater to witness life in its general aspects. His material—at least in theory—is human life; characters in situations so arranged as to make an interesting and emotionally appealing story. His successes, which now cover a period of nearly forty years, are the result of his ability so to select, arrange, and combine human beings in situations and stories as to extract the greatest possible amount of emotion from these human beings and situations and transfer it to the audience.

Dramatic technique has developed so rapidly during the past forty years (and Pinero himself, as Mr. Hamilton has pointed out, is to a certain extent responsible for this) that the plays of even two decades ago seem old-fashioned. Since Pinero first began to write plays, the methods of playwriting have improved. And this improvement may be traced in Sir Arthur's own plays. His improvements were limited to play-building, and to methods of telling a dramatic story more effectively than ever before. He did not attempt, as Bernard Shaw sometimes did, to cast aside dramatic form altogether and make the new vehicle carry more than it was able, but time will show—time has begun to show—that Bernard Shaw did his best work when he most nearly approached the old-fashioned technique of Pinero, and that his temporary successes with chaotic "discussions" like "Getting Married" and "Mis-

alliance" were merely temporary, that they succeeded for the time being because of their topical interest, and not because they were dramatic. These "discussions" interested certain audiences because they dealt with problems of present interest. Do away with the present marriage laws and the plays will never be revived.

"Mid Channel," on the other hand, is based not on an intellectual premise, but on an eternal human situation. This play is, I think, Pinero's masterpiece. The characters in the piece would not, perhaps, be worth knowing in real life, but they are people, at least, whom we ought to know about. The situation in which they are placed is not the sort of factitious situation so often manufactured by clever technicians for the sole purpose of weaving it into a more or less credible and interesting plot: it is one of those inevitable and eternally true situations in which human beings are felt to be at the mercy of fate. Here the hand of the dramatist is unerringly, unflinchingly true. If Pinero in his forty odd previous plays had done nothing comparable with "Mid Channel" all his efforts would have justified themselves in this single work.

And the curious thing about "Mid Channel" is that the dramatist, in his effort to present human beings in a decidedly human situation, and despite his efforts to render the play as theatrically effective as possible, has none the less preached a sermon as powerful as any ever preached by Bernard Shaw or Granville Barker. Pinero's success in this instance is a sermon in itself, for he sought to present life as he saw it. Whereas Shaw would have stopped the action of such a play at various points in order to comment on it, Pinero was content with exposing. Shaw begins with an intellectual premise, Pinero with men and women. Shaw's sermon is being forced down our throats—amusingly enough, it is true—at every juncture, Pinero's lies implicit in the facts as presented to us. Having listened to Shaw, we may or may not act upon his suggestions; for his arguments often lack persuasiveness, because we cannot escape the feeling that his situations are made to fit his ideas. A. B. Walkley once said that the pure thesis play was doomed to failure, because you cannot prove anything by manufactured evidence, and we feel that Shaw's is manufactured evidence. Pinero at his best, as in "Mid Channel," has not asked us to accept the evidence in order to be convinced; he takes a probable situation and depicts it, dispassionately, without comment. The effects of such a presentation are inescapable.

And what has enabled him to do this? Generally speaking, technique. Of course he had something to say, for technique in and by itself is obviously barren. But Pinero is not a greater thinker than Granville Barker; it was his skill as a dramatist which enabled him to seize the heart of a story and depict the characters of "Mid Channel"; it was his deftness as a constructor of plot which forced us to follow the fortunes of *Zoe* and *Theodore* through four acts. Granville Barker is without the shadow of a doubt a closer student of sociology and politics than Pinero, and he has the power of drawing character, but "The Madras House" which was said to have enjoyed a run in London of one consecutive night, was not *well made*. That is to say, Barker was unable to interest an audience in the story, and all the interesting things he had to say about his characters and his theme were lost.

With all the conventionality of Pinero, with all his tricks, with his sometimes execrable "literary" style, he has stood the test of time. At his best he has aroused the emotions proper and fitting to dramatic presentations in the breasts of hundreds of thousands. He has kept the theaters open, as Mr. Howe says, but if a dramatist is able to keep theaters open for a period of forty years, there is something to be said in his favor. Will Bernard Shaw do as much? Will "Misalliance" last as long even as that insufferably sentimental comedy "Sweet Lavender?" Will "Man and Superman?"

"The Heart of a Child"

By C. T.

"**L**OR, it is cold! Give us some tea, aunt, and I say, auntie, Dora's written a novel!"

"What, not again?" That was the aunt's thought. But her remark was more to the point: "Harold, has it been accepted?"

"Oh, of course, we were not going to speak of it till it was taken. Blank and Blankley have offered her splendid terms."

For a moment the teapot in the aunt's hand wavered, drooped and finally sank on to the tray. But she is a brave woman, as well she need be, to keep house for her four nieces and one nephew. She summoned up her courage, grasped the teapot again and with it the reins of life, which for a second she had let fall.

"Harold," she said, "you remember that when Lilian published her first book we had to leave the neighborhood. We've only been here a year, and I was just getting settled. Shall we have to strike camp and be on the move again, do you think?"

The boy protested through a mouthful of bread and butter. He was a little under sixteen. "I should hope the people of Wimbledon aren't such a set of canting hide-bound Philistines as the denizens of Sydenham."

"But I rather liked some of the denizens of Sydenham, you know."

"Oh, of course, aunt, you would. But for us, you know, they were impossible."

The aunt was used to being patronized by the young. She was following her own train of thought.

"It wasn't, you know, Harold, so much the book itself which was our undoing; I think most of us—at least, most of us elder ones—found it rather tame. But it was the advertisements that did for us—the flaming advertisements which preceded its appearance for three whole weeks—'Striking First Work by Lilian Bard Smythe-Jones, 'Smudge.' The most distinctive sexual novel of the century.' It was rather strong meat for Sydenham; you must admit that in justice."

"At any rate, aunt, it was welcomed by the few souls there who were struggling towards the Light; it helped them towards emancipation."

"Well, well," said the aunt, "that's all in the past; what we've got to do is to face the future, the unknown future into which Dora is plunging your aunt so ruthlessly. Give me a piece of cake, dear—that piece, please, with the cherry on the top; I think the cherry will support me. More tea, Harold? Are you comfy? Now we will discuss the future. You see, we've only taken this house for a year at present; but you know the alterations I was thinking of having done. Well, you see, if we've got to be on our travels again, it would not be worth while. So please tell me about Dora's book. First of all, is she going to write under her own name?"

"Why of course."

"You see, dear, Dora Bard Smythe-Jones is rather distinctive; would nothing, do you think, induce her to assume a name? I would bribe her heavily, you know; I'd give her a new set of furs."

"Dora's scarcely the girl to sell her soul for a mess of pottage."

"Harold, you are full of surprises; where do you get your knowledge of the Bible from? You folk find it so useful for abuse and expletives. You don't read it, do you?"

"Oh, one picks up these phrases, you know, from the capitalist press. You can't touch pitch without getting black. But don't start a rabbit, aunt; we were discussing Dora's book."

"Yes, and my first point is that I am ready to offer her a set of furs if she will publish under an assumed name; and there are such attractive names she could use. You know—now this is a secret—I have often thought that if the income tax goes up much higher,

I should myself be forced to write an improper novel."

"My dear aunt, you couldn't—you've never lived."

"Don't stop me at a comma, Harold. I was saying that I might find myself forced to write an improper novel, in which case I would publish it under the name of 'Doll Wormwood.' I am sure it would help the sale of the book enormously. Now I am ready not only to give Dora furs, but to allow her to appropriate my own cherished *nom de plume* if only she will use it."

"My dear aunt, the novel has changed since your day."

The aunt then ate the cherry which she had been reserving for some such moment. The boy went on: "Novelists now are not mere tellers of stories—they are the prophets of to-day—the fiery John Baptists of the modern world. Can you imagine Isaiah or Nietzsche writing under a *nom de plume*? It is an absurd, shamefaced, degrading thing to do. The world looks to us for Truth; we are the torch-bearers; we mustn't skunk behind anonymity."

"Well," said the aunt, "and who's starting rabbits now? Let it go; but remember my offer; Dora's a dressy little soul; besides, the name of 'Doll Wormwood' has a haunting beauty of its own. I shall be disappointed in her if she doesn't appreciate its fragrance."

"There, aunt, you've said—you've said it; there you have the difference between your generation and ours. You talk of fragrance—we talk of reality and bad smells."

"Rabbit again, my child; what I want to discover is whether we shall have to move or not, and if so, how soon and how far. So tell me, what's the title of Dora's book?"

"It's not quite settled yet, but she thinks of calling it 'The Embryo.'"

"Uh! looks like another move. Next time I must get a house with a garden that looks south. But why this homely and attractive title?"

"Well, the book will explain that. It's rather a long story, but I can put it in a few words. Have a cigarette?"

The boy drew his chair to the fire, lit the cigarettes, looked at the match as it burnt itself out in the hearth, and then began:

"Well, you see, the public schools and the big girls' schools are done for; they're smashed. They're not going to survive the Modern Novel. So far, so good. But Dora's point is—and she's right, of course—it's like cutting down a weed, not rooting it out. The evil must be attacked at its source, where it is in embryo. Dora's book will smash the kindergartens. It's at the kindergartens that boys and girls are herded together as so much cattle; it's at the kindergartens that individuality is first cramped and sterilized, and the whole damnable system begins of turning out people into the same ridiculous insensate mould; it is there, at the kindergartens, that we, living beings, all distinct from each other, all with great vibrating passions, are forced into a condition of sexual development which is so imperishably futile, so disastrously insane. And so we get the world as it is to-day, encumbered with people as useless to themselves as they are to everyone else. Oh, I can tell you, Dora's book is going to be an eye-opener."

"So it seems."

He continued:

"You see, Dora's seventeen; she knows, aunt, she knows, and here is the point, she is young enough not to have forgotten. 'The Embryo or The Freudian in the Kindergarten,' that's going to be the sub-title."

"Harold," said the aunt, "this does mean another move. But go on, I want to see how far we need fly; I don't like the north side of London. Still, we may have to come to it. How is the subject going to be treated? I suppose it is too much to hope for any—well—any becoming reticence or artistic restraint."

"Artistic restraint—reticence," cried the boy;

"they're only euphemisms for the conspiracy of silence, the foul-minded prudery, that has stifled the world for so long. But the sceptre has fallen from the impotent hands of the elders. It's our time now; and we're going to let in air and sunlight—oceans of air and oceans of sunlight—into the foul places of the dens of the earth."

"And it's our own little Dora," said the aunt, "who is going to let the air and the sunlight into the kindergartens. She is going to be outspoken, I gather?"

"Yes, jolly outspoken, I can tell you. It's all thrown into the form of a novel with a passionate sex interest; and the delicacy of touch, the insight with which she deals with the first faint, almost imperceptible flutter of the instinct, is a work of sheer genius. In one case you are shown how it ends in disaster, through the brutal and unintelligent system of stifling and cramping to which we are subjected; in the other case, though well-nigh brought to ruin, it wins through at last into passionate and fiery consummation. But there's much more in the book than that; the whole subject of the kindergarten is dealt with from the biological, historical and psychological points of view; and at the end she has an excursus on the ineptitudes of the local vicar. But I tell her it's killing the slain. Besides, she's never been inside a church and doesn't even know the miserable man by sight; and as I say, we must write of what we know. This is the only criticism I've got against the book."

"Then I gather, Harold," said the aunt, "that whatever may be the other qualities of this work of art, we may scarcely look to it for perfection of form."

"Form," cried the boy, "form—we've done with that bugbear—perfection of form. That was all part of the conspiracy of silence, one of the fetiches we were told to worship. 'Significant Form,' someone called it—significant of decay. But life is too big, too grand a thing to be forced into the soul-destroying limitations of 'Form.' Those who can, live; those who can't, exist and talk about 'Form.'"

"Have a bun, Harold," said the aunt. "I think I see our position pretty clearly now. But just this one thing more. Does Dora work into this interesting if amorphous performance of hers all the little jokes I used to punish her for repeating?"

"Dora speaks the Truth, aunt."

"Well, then, it will be Watford, I suppose. I heard of quite a good house there the other day; only, mind, Dora will have to pay half the expenses of the move from the proceeds of her book. This will leave us Hampstead. We can go there when Dierdre begins to publish."

"But what about Mona and me, auntie?"

"Well, Mona's only nine. Her genius perhaps has not yet ripened; so you and Dierdre can have a race for it. Only, I warn you, Harold, when we're driven out of Hampstead we shall have almost completed the circle, and I refuse to live in Holloway. I shall retire and go and live by myself in a boarding-house at Bournemouth."

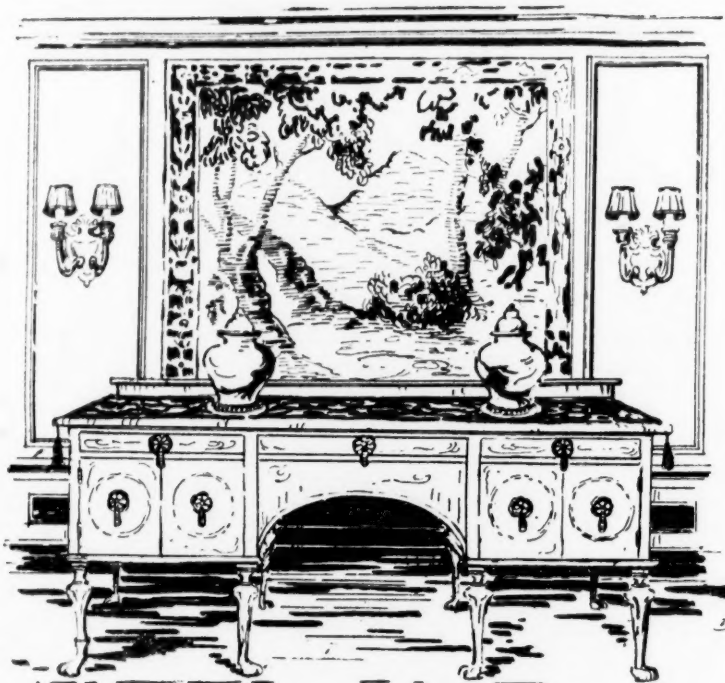
"Aunt Dorothy, I believe you are making fun of us. But had we but caught you younger, you know, we might have made something of you."

"I'm glad you didn't, my dear. But pass me my fountain pen, will you? I must scribble some notes; so be quiet for a little."

So while his aunt wrote, the boy dipped into a new pamphlet "Fecundity versus Culture and Universal Well-being;" and soon the girls came in and carried their brother off to the new play at the cinema—"Have You No Children?" or "The Empty Cradle Scandal." Dierdre maintained that the sub-title was challenging and too dogmatic. But Harold said, "Girls, one must hear both sides of the question." With a sigh the aunt settled down to her books and her fire. The eighteenth century was—thank God—still left her. She opened her Fielding.

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Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

The Execution

By Thomas Ingoldsby

(REPRINTED BY REQUEST.)

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;

With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;

Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;

And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead,

Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;

Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do?"—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,

And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;

He bit his lips, and he scratch'd his head,

He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him bang'd:
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,

"Run to McFuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.

Rope-dancers a score,
I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Blackmore;

But to see a man swing,
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street and through square,
His high-trotting mare,

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Like one of Duckow's, goes pawing the air.

Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;

She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,

Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play,
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—

An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,

And upsetting a stall
Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.

But eastward afar,
Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,

He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,

And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,

Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where in front of the gaol, he
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gayly

Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark mid-night—

Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.

The parties are met;
The tables are set;

There is "punch," "cold without," "hot with," heavy wet,

Ale-glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,

And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,

Cold fowl and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work
for the jaws:—
And very large lobsters, with very large
claws;
And there is McFuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze;
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the
Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes one!
Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his
fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy
Is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'rything, and ev'ry-
body.
The clock strikes two! and the clock
strikes three!
"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain McFuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blackening his nose with a bit of burnt
cork.

The clock strikes four!—
Round the debtor's door
Are gathered a couple of thousand or
more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and
straight
The mob divides, and between their
ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and
with planks.

The clock strikes five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street
seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and
stinks,
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers re-
fuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to
peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roscate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's
cheeks;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things, far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to
die!
Alack! that ever so fair a sun,
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery!—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-
tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with
fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower
strikes—eight!—
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!—

And see!—from forth that opening door
They come—He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold
more!
God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony,—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to
the sky
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and
in fear,
The path of the Spirits' unknown career;
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that
ne'er
Shall be lifted again,—not even in
prayer;
That heaving chest!—Enough, 'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known but to
One!—
Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.
Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past: with its earliest chime

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keys of this extraordinary instrument, its clear,
enthraling notes in-
stantly awaken in you
the realization that here,
indeed, is a Piano that IS
supreme.

For its beautiful, refin-
ed design—for its exquis-
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its distinctive richness—for
all of these inimitable
qualities, has the Hard-
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success with the Metropolitan Opera Company. We could
mention scores of names, but space permits only those of
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The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
"And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks
arose,
And Captain McFuze, with the black on
his nose;
And they stared at each other, as much
as to say
"Hollo! Hollo!
Here's a rum go!
Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the
devil to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken
away!
What's to be done?
We've miss'd all the fun!—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all
over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly
brown!"

What was to be done?—'twas perfectly
plain

That they could not well hang the man
over again!
What was to be done?—The man was
dead!
Nought could be done—nought could be
said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to
bed!

—From *The Ingoldsby Legends*.

Coming Shows

"The Very Idea!" a farce by William
LeBaron on eugenics, will be present-
ed at the Jefferson next week. The
frank, novel and wholesome treatment
of the subject won for the play a sub-
stantial success in New York, with
Richard Bennett—the star of the St.
Louis cast—as the talkative doctrinaire
who would breed as perfect children as
the imperfections of their parents
would permit. He is the pivotal per-
sonage of the play and the plot con-
cerns his efforts for a practical appli-
cation of eugenic principles to the per-
plexities of a childless couple who



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want to adopt a child but have difficulty in securing a physically perfect one.

❖ Bringing life's other extreme into prominence, Sarah Bernhardt will appear at the Orpheum as a young French soldier, mortally wounded, dying against a tree. This playlet was written especially for her by an officer at the front and affords opportunity for some of the best acting the Divine Sarah has ever done. She will also appear as "Camille." The bill includes a number of good acts.

❖ The principal number on the Columbia bill next week will be Princess

Olga's trained leopards. Other acts are a sketch called "There Goes the Bride;" a comedy entitled "Falling for Her;" the Angelus trio of harmony singers; Klass, musical wizard; Alice Nelson and company in "Trouble in an Old Depot;" the Steiner trio, gymnasts; Dale Wilson; the Judge Brown stories and the Universal Weekly.

❖ The Grand Opera House bill will be headed by Hoyt's Minstrels, well known to all vaudeville patrons. Second in importance will be "A Domestic Camouflage," a highly entertaining sketch. Other numbers will be "A Rural Delivery" presented by Eldredge and Barlow; Bertie Fowler in "An Interesting

Woman;" Fay and Jack Smith in "Songs, Steps and Stories;" Swan and Swan, dancing jugglers; Helen Morati, prima donna; Paul Fetching and company in "The Musical Flower Garden;" and the Universal Weekly.

❖ The attraction at the Standard next week will be the "Pacemakers" presented by an all star burlesque company. There will also be a bevy of beautiful girls singing jingling melodies and a number of comedians supplying the laughs.

❖ The Great Star and Garter company will play at the Gayety next week in two of the best comedies ever put on

by that aggregation of wit and beauty, "Art for Art's Sake" and "Hingle Dingle." The company includes such favorites as Bert Rose, Don Clark, James Coughlin, Will Boyis, Jess Weiss, Al Lawrence, Florence Darley, Mary delisle and Maggie Martin.

❖❖❖

Collegiate Bureau

The St. Louis branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, co-operating with the federal and Missouri state departments of labor, have opened a Bureau of Occupations in St. Louis at 892 Chestnut street. The advantage of this bureau will be that it will act as a clearing house of information to the trained worker and to the employer, without the charge of a registration or other fee; it will serve as a center of information on vocational opportunities for women, embracing alike those who have specialized along some definite line either through practical experience or technical courses, and college graduates who may or may not have had this training; and it will place women in positions best suited to their training and abilities and where they are most needed. The bureau will also conduct a research department to investigate new avenues of activities for women.

❖❖❖

Five Good Yarns

"Cabin Fever" is a bourgeois synonym for *cunni*, and the name of a new novel by B. M. Bower (Little, Brown and Co., Boston). *Bud* and *Marie Moore* are commonplace young married persons who become bored with domesticity, and try one another's nerves. They contract "cabin fever," in other words. *Marie*, with her baby, leaves *Bud*, and he, happy in his freedom, goes prospecting for gold. The early chapters of the novel are excellently realistic. The author has been able to show how average and mediocre are *Bud* and *Marie*, without making them sordid or unsympathetic. Toward the last of the tale, however, too much is sacrificed to climax and plot. So eager is the author to achieve a happy ending, that not only he does effect the reuniting of *Bud* and *Marie*, but he brings to light hidden bags of long-lost gold, and a long-lost father-in-law—and guides the infant son of *Bud* and *Marie*, who likewise has become lost, for many a mile, with super-providential accuracy, straight to his father's arms. Had *Bud* been less lucky, the account of him would have more art.

❖

"The Wolf-Cub" by Patrick and Terence "Casey" (Little, Brown and Co., Boston) has, in the reviewer's mind, a misleading title. "Wolf-Cub" would seem to connote a novel of the wild and mountainous west. Whereas the *noms de plume* of the authors are decidedly Irish. (And, by the way, why should "Casey" have quotation marks on the cover of the book, while "Patrick" and "Terence" are without?)—As a matter of fact, "The Wolf-Cub" is a story of Spain, with one American character introduced to make the reader feel at home. The hero is *Jacinto Quesada*, a brigand of noble character. The paradox here involved is accounted for, on the part of the authors, by the explanation that anything is possible in Spain. Mysterious, Moorish Spain, more African than European! Train-robberies,

gypsy love-intrigues, elopements, and the like, are all made believable through the initial assumption that romanticism becomes realism in Spain. Not, though, that this is a story which attempts at all seriously to interpret the national nature of that land. Primarily "The Wolf-Cub" is a highly-plotted adventure-tale, of the type one usually sees advertised in publishers' announcements as "yarns."

In "West is West" (H. K. Fly Co., New York), the author, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, has made, whether consciously or otherwise, some interesting literary experiments. It is a novel of the southwestern desert regions of the United States. Not only has Mr. Rhodes copied most literally his country with respect to setting and characterization, but also the very tempo of the tale is monotonously desert-like. Still by fits and starts there is action of the brisk—only to die speedily down to everyday monotony once more. As for characters, there are whole townful of them, yet each rather memorably drawn. And as in real life, one never knows whether Mr. Rhodes' characters will turn out good or bad, well or ill. The man who at the outset of the story one expects will be the hero, becomes all at once the villain, and meets a deserved death. A second possible hero appears, and soon is accidentally killed. The shock in both instances is startling as it might be in actual life. Though the men of Mr. Rhodes' novel are cowboys and miners, his is no conventional novel of the west. He does know his country, as his publishers claim for him. He has a clever and distinctive knack of expression, and whether or not one approves his curiously realistic method, at least his work is worthy of sincere consideration.

Here is a good enjoyable book. It is not a world classic, nor does it teach one anything, but it will please at an evening's sitting. "The Man Who Killed" by Claude Farrere (Brentanos, New York), is one of the clever enjoyable books of the year. Highly descriptive of life in Constantinople from the standpoint of a French military attaché, this book uses the autobiographic method. For skill in giving the reader the impression that he is reading fact rather than fiction the construction is remarkable. What purports to be the daily incident of the author's life in the Turkish capital suddenly turns into the most technically-complicated plot, and the reader discovers that he is not reading autobiography but compactly plotted fiction. There is the artistic polish and finish that goes with much modern French work and it is the artistic cleverness with which the plot is carried to the final outcome that will please those who love a careful story. There may be psychological difficulties so far as the characterization goes, but art, for the most, conceals them. The plot is of good interest, and there is an ethical problem, too, which the reader can solve for himself. The reviewer wishes to say frankly that this is one of this year's books that he enjoyed.

Far away Java with its hot, far eastern days and cool, far eastern night, with its

myriad of tropical plants, animals and things that form a nature against whose background moves native and droning Dutch officialdom! Such is the scene in which the love affair hurries along that makes the chief interest of "Revoke" by W. de Veer (John Lane Company, New York). On the first day that Judge Onno Winter of the Dutch Eastern Service met the fair English traveler of his choice he loved her. She was such a relief from native women and the few Europeans and Eurasians who surrounded him. On the second day of their acquaintance he kissed her hand. On the third day her foot scarcely escaped. And it was but a few days until they loved as few love. Thus fast do the emotions move in the slow east. But then what? Then indeed, there is a surprise for the reader, a technical surprise, a disappointing surprise, a surprise that makes the underlying theme of the whole, that is like many affairs that life produces but unlike most novels. The denouement is the thing. For a story of sheer lovemaking you will enjoy it, but you will be somehow disappointed in the end. But then, the author meant to disappoint you.

Marts and Money

War news continues to be the one overshadowing factor on the New York stock exchange. Traders are on the alert. They are closely scanning official bulletins, clumsily discussing the possible significances of strategic movements, and adhering to opportunistic policies marketwise, pending decisive developments. They exhibit no symptoms of real anxiety, however. They feel quite certain that the German assaults will definitely be checked before the situation grows acutely portentous. Quotations move tamely and hesitantly most of the time. They indicate that the professional talent is in complete control, and that actual owners of meritorious stocks are in an imperturbable state of mind. Among careful observers the consensus of opinion is that the market is in an exceptionally well-liquidated condition, that values are at reassuring levels, and that another series of breaks will be seen only in the event of a materialization of the impossible. Present prices show moderate declines in the majority of important instances, principally as a result of realizing sales on the part of floor traders. One of the specialties, Distilling Securities, is worth five points more than a week ago. In this case speculative interest is stimulated by predictions of a higher dividend rate and extra cash bonuses; also by rumors of "deals" of one sort or another. The stock is quoted at 45, or at the highest notch since 1916, when the top record was 54½. In 1907 sales were made at 78. Tutored people are not interested in stocks of this category. In the last few weeks, trading in Distillers has invariably livened up during moments of depression in the general list. According to the specialists, the stock's quotation will soon be above 55 in consequence of steady accumulation by prominent interests. United States Steel common is quoted at 89, against 91½ a week ago. The minimum in 1917 was 79½; the maximum

136½. The stock was not visibly affected by the publication of another unfavorable monthly statement. Wall street seems to have lost all interest in exhibits of this

kind, owing, no doubt, to war's monopolization of industries, which promises to become still more pronounced in the next few months. There are inti-



Men—

The strength and service of a bank may best be measured by the Men who formulate and direct its policies—its Directors—and the Men who carry these policies into execution—its Officers.

Examine carefully the list of Directors and Officers below.

Directors

Joseph D. Bascom, Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.	John B. Kennard, President, J. Kennard & Sons Carpet Co.
Wm. K. Bixby	W. A. Layman, President Wagner Electric Mfg. Co.
Robert S. Brookings, The Cupples Company	Edward Mallinckrodt, President Mallinckrodt Chemical Works
August A. Busch, President Anheuser-Busch Brewing Assn.	N. A. McMillan, Chairman Board St. Louis Union Trust Co.
John T. Davis	President St. Louis Union Bank
John D. Filley, President American Manufac- turing Company	John F. Shepley, President St. Louis Union Trust Co.
S. W. Fordyce	Vice-President St. Louis Union Bank
John Fowler	George W. Simmons, Vice-President Simmons Hard- ware Co.
Benjamin Gratz, Warren, Jones & Gratz	Thomas H. West
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Officers

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A. H. L. Kuhn, Manager Savings Dept.	

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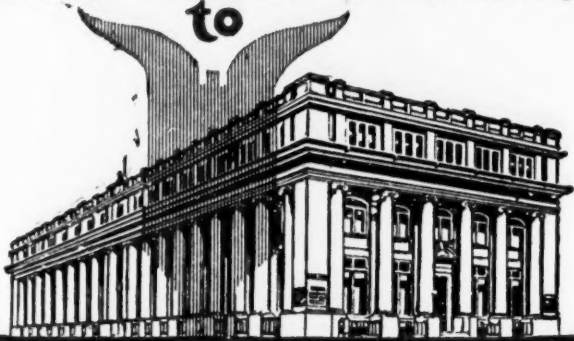
FOURTH AND LOCUST

Checking Accounts Time Certificates Savings Accounts



kind, owing, no doubt, to war's monopolization of industries, which promises to become still more pronounced in the next few months. There are inti-

8th and Locust to



You Don't Need a Letter of Introduction

on a personal introduction to open a savings account at the Mercantile Trust Company. All in the world you have to do is to walk through the door and say to the first employee you meet—"I want to open a Mercantile Savings account."

You will be accompanied to the New Account Window—a card will be filled out for you, which you will sign. You will be taken to the proper window—you'll make your deposit and be given your little gray pass book with the amount of your deposit entered in it.

Our Savings Department is Open Monday Evenings until 8:30 o'clock

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Eighth and Locust—to St. Charles.

Member Federal Reserve System—
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St. Charles

Do You Need a Will?

If you were to die without one, the State would appoint someone to settle your estate and compel him to distribute your property according to certain fixed rules. Do you know what this distribution would be?

Are you quite satisfied with the portions of your estate that various relatives would get?

Would it interest you to read a short digest of non-technical language of the Missouri Inheritance Law? If so, write us for a copy, "Why a Will?"

Mississippi Valley Trust Company
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Good Advertising

Good advertising campaigns which we have planned and directed were successful, because they were personal and practical.

All advertising should approach personal salesmanship as nearly as possible.

Sound analysis—original methods—consistent co-operation—merchandising ability. These are the vital elements of good advertising which we offer you.

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Simpson Advertising Service Company
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mations that even glass, leather, and piano manufacturers have been asked to curtail their production by 30 or 40 per cent in order to put themselves in position to handle pressing war contracts. With respect to the forthcoming quarterly Steel dividend, the belief still obtains that it will be at the usual rate of \$4.25, regular and extra. The Sinclair Oil Co. has suspended dividend payments, with the intention of preserving surplus earnings for possible emergencies in connection with increasing costs of labor and material. The directors' action caused a decline from 29 to 25 in the stock's quotation. Two years ago sales were made at 67. At that time the investing public was warmly invited to put funds in the company's shares in generous manner, so as to be prepared for wonderful prosperity and profits, and it must be admitted that the advertising proved strikingly successful. Purchasers received \$2.50 in 1916, the year of incorporation, and \$5 in 1917. On July 24, 1917, stockholders authorized an issue of \$20,000,000 three-year 7 per cent notes, maturing in August, 1920. Under the new dispensation in finances, as established at Washington, it will, from now on, be increasingly difficult for corporations to give hostages to fortune by floating new issues of stocks and bonds. The common stock of the Studebaker Corporation is rated at 38, against 41½ a week ago. The recurrent outbursts of selling in this case are viewed with feelings of uneasiness among stockholders. They give point to rumors of another reduction in the dividend rate, which has been \$1 quarterly since last September. The total amount paid in 1917 was \$7; in 1916, \$10; in 1915, \$5. The common stock was as low as 20 in 1914; in the following year it was in frantic demand at 190 to 195. That was the season of ecstatic greed and revelries with war-brides. Texas Oil has been conspicuously weak in recent times. The current quotation of 141 compares with 160¾ on February 2, and with a maximum of 243 in 1917. The regular dividend rate still is \$10 per annum. It has been paid since January 1, 1914. The company has the habit of asking its owners to subscribe to new stock on tempting terms at rather frequent intervals. Finances are in encouraging shape. The profit and loss surplus exceeds \$50,000,000. In the face of this stock exchange folks would be very thankful for reliable information as to the true sources and causes of the steady selling of Texas Oil on every advance of five or seven points. There can be no question that the glamor of all shares of this class is gradually vanishing. Speculative bubbles are bursting. Quotations are being jammed down to levels where they will be in accord with the new fundamentals in business and finance, as created by the colossal requirements of the war. Silver is valued at 93⅞ cents an ounce in New York. This compares with 46¾ in December, 1914. The introduction of a bill in the senate fixing the metal's price at \$1 and providing for the melting of 200,000,000 silver dollars did not occasion much excitement on the exchange, though it was opined for a while that the values of stocks of silver-producing companies should well be worth buying at ruling figures. Nipissing and Kerr

Lake, the leading shares of the Cobalt silver district in Ontario, show modest improvement. Touching this subject of silver, the National City Bank of New York makes the following remarks, in part: "Silver is wanted partly for our own coinage, partly to settle our trade balances, and partly to relieve the general trade situation with India. The latter country is selling its wheat, cotton, hurlap, and other products at prices so high that it has very large balances coming to it, which must be settled either in gold or silver. One dollar per ounce for silver is above the Indian coinage rate, but exchange rates are still abnormal, and nobody pays much attention to them when goods are wanted as they are now. It is a curious situation when a coin is rated higher for the bullion it contains than for its legal tender value, but that is the case with the rupee." Indications clearly point to further material advances in the quotation of silver. The demand should be extraordinarily keen after commencement of peace parleys. The current price of Nipissing, which is of the par value of \$5, is 8.50. The high mark in 1917 was 9.75. The company pays a regular dividend of 5 per cent every three months; also 5 per cent extra at irregular intervals. In 1906 the old Nipissing stock sold at as high a price as 33.75. The government's first winter wheat report of the year forecasts a yield of 560,000,000 bushels, or 78.6 per cent of a normal production. Last year's final record was 418,000,000 bushels. Under prospective conditions, it must earnestly be hoped that this season's spring wheat area will be largely in excess of that of 1917, so that the total yield may not be less than 325,000,000 bushels. There is no probability, it would appear, that the total production of 1918 will be much in excess of 90,000,000 bushels. Some years ago the record was a little above 1,000,000,000. On April 1 the winter wheat condition in Missouri was 92; in Illinois, 88; in Kansas, 67; in Oklahoma, 63; in Indiana, 94; in Ohio, 80, and in Nebraska, 75. The 1917 report of the National Lead Co. made an excellent impression. It disclosed net earnings of \$4,896,953, against \$2,977,699 in 1916, and a surplus of \$2,158,451, against \$445,751. The profit and loss surplus was \$8,341,563, against \$6,183,113. The percentage earned on the \$20,655,400 common stock was 15.45, against 6.15 in 1916. The total number of stockholders shows an increase from 6,640 to 7,152. Of all the stock outstanding 49.43 per cent is owned by women. In his report President Cornish declares that "it has been the policy of the company to build up all properties coming into its ownership and incorporate them into the parent company by natural growth." In the past year the company has organized the National Lead Co. of Argentina, with offices and factory at Buenos Aires. The ruling price of National Lead common is 57. This means a net return of over 8¾ per cent, the annual dividend being \$5. The government has fixed the price of lead at 7 cents per pound. The money market shows no changes of importance. The same can be said of the department for foreign bills of exchange. There is growing agitation for governmental regulation of cotton prices. This accounts for a

severe break in the staple's value in the last few days. Since the growers of grain have to submit to official regulation, the southern planters should see the propriety of bowing to the inevitable, despite their political dominance at the capital.

Finance in St. Louis

On the local bourse business is mostly concentrated in the issues of the United Railways and National Candy Companies. More than \$22,000 of the 4 per cent bonds of the first-named company were lately transferred at prices varying from 55.25 to 56.25. The latter figure indicates an advance of over six points over last year's minimum—50. Of the preferred stock, five hundred and twenty shares were taken at 22 to 23. The low point in 1917 was 14.50. The quotations for the common, which remains inactive, show no changes from previous figures. Business in National Candy common continues exceptionally heavy. Approximately fourteen hundred shares changed hands lately at 39 to 43.25. This sets a new absolute maximum. The previous top, reached in February last, was 42. About two years back the stock was purchasable at 5. The yearly dividend rate is \$5 per annum. At 43 the net yield thus is more than 11½ per cent. Not a bad rate, this, even if account is taken of the as yet highly speculative character of the stock. Ten shares of Candy second preferred brought 89, denoting a net yield of nearly 8 per cent, the dividend being 7 per cent. Owing to the substantially improved status of silver, local traders are again bestowing some attention upon Granite-Bimetallic Mining. More than a thousand shares were sold in the last few days at 35 to 39. There seems to be a good deal of the stock on tap. In 1916 the best price was 80. Last January 52½ was touched. Granite-Bimetallic is a stock with a romantic past. Many years ago people paid \$35 for it instead of 35 cents. It was still rated at \$2 in 1900-02. Twenty shares of Mechanics-American National were sold the other day at 245 to 245.25, and ten shares of Bank of Commerce at 114.50. Ten Mercantile Trust brought 348. Time loans are quoted firmly at 6 per cent at local institutions. New York exchange is rated at 16 to 22 cents discount at the federal reserve bank.

Latest Quotations

STOCKS.	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	100	103½
Nat. Bank of Commerce		114½
State National Bank		190
Mortgage Trust	135	
Mortgage Guarantee	125	
United Railways pfd	19½	21
United Railways 4s	51½	52
Union Depot 6s	96	97
Laclede Gas 5s	97½	98
Kin. T. L.-D. stock		140
Certain-teed com.	40	40½
Certain-teed 2d pfd.		86½
Certain-teed 1st pfd.	89	89½
Mo. Portland Cement	70	
Ely & Walker com.	105	
Inter. Shoe pfd.	107	
Brown Shoe com.	64½	65½
Brown Shoe pfd.	96½	
Granite-Bimetallic	37½	
Hamilton-Brown		130
St. L. Brewing Ass'n 6s		67
National Candy com.	42	42½

Answers to Inquiries

READER, Centralia, Ill.—(1) California Petroleum preferred is not a particularly desirable purchase. It is essentially speculative, though the 4 per cent dividend is earned. The fixed 7 per cent rate is cumulative. It has not been paid since the end of 1914. The chance that the preferred quotation might reascend to the high marks of 1913 and 1912 (86 and 95½) is remote. It cannot be taken into serious consideration at present. The current price of 43 indicates a net return of about 9¼ per cent. This is not very much. United States Steel common, quoted at 89, would pay you more than 11 per cent even if the total amount of dividends were to be reduced from \$17 to \$10 per annum. And Steel is a decidedly better proposition than C. P.

W. A. H., St. Paul, Minn.—Northern Pacific 3s are a good, but not a strictly high-grade investment. The present price of 57¼ implies a depreciation of about twelve points from the maximum of 1917. Further loss in value is not likely to be grave unless the war lasts much longer than would appear probable right now. It would perhaps be best for you to await a drop to, say 54, before increasing your holdings. Take your time. A great rise cannot be looked for in the next six months.

HOLDER, St. Louis.—(1) Anglo-French 5s are quoted at 90¾. This means a net yield of 9¼ per cent. The bonds are guaranteed, principal and interest, by the British and French governments. The low mark in 1917 was 81½. In case of a German defeat in Flanders and Picardy, the price of the bonds would undoubtedly score a smart advance. The total amount issued is \$500,000,000. It is virtually all held in the United States. (2) Cannot advise an investment in Japanese bonds. Put your money in Liberty bonds. There's nothing better in the world.

INTERESTED, St. Louis.—You need not worry over the 7 per cent on American Sugar Refining preferred. The company is doing exceedingly well, and the dissolution suit is only of vague import at this time. Earnings show substantial surplus after preferred and common dividends. There's no danger of a startling decline from the present price of the preferred—107½. The low point last year was 106. It represented the lowest on record since 1898, when 103 was reached.

R. R. D., Tucson, Ariz.—Inspiration Copper is considered one of the leading issues of its group. Has been on an \$8 dividend basis since May, 1916. This rate was earned even in 1917, despite serious and prolonged labor troubles. The aggregate income was \$11,080,732. After payment of \$9,751,227 in dividends, the final surplus stood at \$1,329,505, against \$12,081,428 in 1916. An advance of 2 or 3 cents in the metal's value would banish apprehensions of a cut in the rate altogether. The present price of 46½, denoting a net yield of over 17 per cent, quite discounts a probable lowering of the dividend. Like all other mining and other corporations, the Inspiration has to grapple with steadily rising operating expenses. This notwithstanding, there's

no pressing reason why you should liquidate at a loss.

FINANCE, Brockton, Mass.—Pennsylvania Railroad stock is the premier investment of its class. The current price of 44 appears reasonable; it implies a return of 6¾ per cent, the annual dividend being \$3 on each share of \$50 par value. This means that the stock is on a war basis, so to say. In 1909, when the price was as high as 75¾, the yield was a trifle less than 4 per cent. Last year's minimum was 40¼. Therefore enter a scaled buying order, beginning with 43.

Called Down

Some years before the war the German Crown Prince got a very neat call-down from Miss Bernice Willard, a Philadelphia girl. It was during the emperor's regatta, and the two mentioned were sitting with others on the deck of a yacht. A whiff of smoke from the prince's cigarette blowing into the young lady's face, a lieutenant near by remarked: "Smoke withers flowers." "It is no flower," said the prince, jocularly, "it is a thistle." Miss Willard raised her eyes a trifle. "In that case," she said, "I had better retire or I shall be devoured." The party saw the point, and the prince was discomfited.

In a recent examination paper for a Loy clerk's post was this question: "If the premier and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?" Robert, a boy of fourteen, thought for a time, trying in vain to recall who came next in succession. At last a happy inspiration came to him, and he answered: "The undertaker."

"Waiter," said the indignant customer, "what does this mean? Yesterday I was served for the same price with a portion of chicken twice the size of this." "Yes, sir," answered the waiter. "Where did you sit, sir?" "Over by the window." "Then that accounts for it. We always give people who sit by the windows large portions. It's an advertisement."

A teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils recently the fact that history repeats itself and that many things which happen to-day are the counterpart of similar things that happened years and years ago. "Now, will anyone tell me of anything new of importance that has happened during the last twenty-five years?" inquired the teacher. "Me," answered one of the pupils.

A Sailor Song

Passed by the Censor.
In an unnamed port by an unknown sea
There's an unnamed girl who waits for me;
But soon on an unnamed day I'll trip
To this unnamed girl on an unnamed ship,
And then we'll hie to an unnamed spot,
Where an unnamed parson will tie the knot,
And then I'll give her a name, by Jove,
No ————* censor will ever remove!

—W. O. Miller, in Life.

*Deleted by censor.

Save or Slave

THE Third Liberty Loan!
HAVE you not heard the call
INVESTORS, one and all,
REVENGE poor Belgium's fall;
DEMOCRACY enthrone!

LEST all that you hold dear
IN Prussian sway be held,
BUY bonds, nor banish fear
EVER every foeman's felled.
REJOICE that you have here
THIS chance unparalleled;
YOUR duty call rings clear.

LET Liberty's flag high
OVER all lands be unfurled,
AND know your bonds will buy
NEW Freedom for the World.

Our services are offered without
charge to purchasers of
LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

A. B. BENESCH & CO.

Stock and Bond Brokers

Central National Bank Bldg.
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Here in our private shop
we tailor military apparel to
individual measure—promptly
—dependably. Complete
equipment, except the shoes,
provided at very reasonable
prices.

J. H. MacCarthy
Tailoring Co.

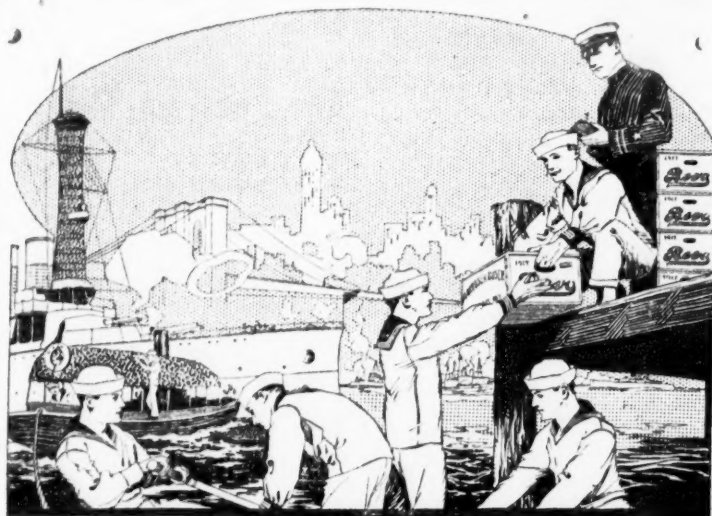
Second Floor, Odd Fellows' Bldg.,

NINTH AND OLIVE STS.

"The Post Office Is Opposite"

In a hamlet near Ashford, England, which boasts only nine inhabitants, the following notice has been posted up by the authorities: "In the event of an air raid do not collect in a crowd."

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



For the Blue-Jackets

Bevo
A BEVERAGE

Our boys in the Navy enjoy their Bevo. The Navy Department has put its official seal of endorsement on this triumph in soft drinks, by allowing it to be sold and served on all naval vessels.

Ashore or afloat, you will find in Bevo a palate-pleasing, refreshing and nutritious beverage.

Just the thing to take along for sail or cruise—auto trip or camp and for the ice-box at home.



Bevo—the all-year-round soft drink

Bevo is sold in bottles only and is bottled exclusively by

ANHEUSER-BUSCH—ST. LOUIS

14L

SHOES
OF
DEPENDABLE
QUALITY
AT PRICES
UNIFORMLY
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Swope
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LIVE AT 10th ST.

Darkey Swells

"Slick" Howard, representative from Georgia, spins a yarn about two negroes down in his country, a crap game, and a watch. The first gentleman of color won a handsome gold-plated watch, chain, and charm in a crap game. He could not tell time, but he was proud of his winnings, so he draped the chain from his coat lapel, placed the watch in his upper, outside pocket, and started gayly up the street. Soon he met a second negro, who also could not tell time, but who was immediately attracted by the bright chain on his friend's coat lapel. "Why, hello der, Sam," he said. "Whah you git dat fine watch?" "Oh, I win it in a crap game," was the reply. "Dat's fine," resumed the first negro. "What time is it?" With just a second's hesitation the owner of the watch flopped it out of his pocket, face upward, under his friend's nose. "Deah it is," he said. Nonplussed, the other negro gazed fixedly at the face of the watch for a moment, and then, grinning, said: "So it is, ain't it!"

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